(INNEY, NICHOLS & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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TERMS

VEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET! Issued Every Thursday Morning, ON & DOULAR A YEAR.

all rou unications should be addressed to KINNEY NICHOLS & CO., Springfield, Ohio

NOTICE TO EASTERN ADVERTISERS

MR. H. C. SNYDER, 28 Park Row, New York, is

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 3. THE GLOBE-REPUBLIC AND THE REPUBLICAN STATE CON-

VENTION.

Morning and Evening Editions.

We call the attention of our business men to the fact that we shall issue both morning and evening editions of the GLOBE-REPUBLIC on the 11th and 12th of June, with tull reports of the State Repub lican Convention up to the hour of issue. We shall print a very large number of each edition and the papers will be pro tusely distributed through all portions of

KINNEY, NICHOLS & CO.

REPUBLICAN

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State Convention of 1885 will be need in the city of Springfield on

Thursday, June 11, 1885.

The Delegates of each Congressional District will convene at 9 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of hosing one Vice President for the Convention, and one member of each of the various Commitand one member of each of the various Commit-ties.

The forevention will be called to order at 10 of clock α m. for temporary organization, and at 2 o'clock α, m. for permanent organization and the transaction of risother business.

Candidates will be nominated for

Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Judge of Supreme Court, Treasurer. Attorney General,

Member Board Public Works. The busis of representation in this Convention de delegate for every five hundred votes, and

one delegate for every five hundred vota, and one for every fraction of over two hundred and fity votes east for Hon. James G. Blaine for President in 1884.

The several counties will be entitled to repre-sentation in said Convention as follows:

COUNTIES.	votes fo	Delegates
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Pickaway Pike Purage Proble Puram Richland	1,575 2,182 8,222 2,981 1,792 8,981 3,178 2,194 4,018 4,830 8,13	
Sandosky Scioto. Seneca. Shelby Stark Sumoit Trombull Tuscaravas Union Van Wert Vintes	4.100 4.004 2,420 6,815 6,881 4.894 8,515 P,102	LAST STATE OF THE
Warren Washington Warnen Williams	4,818 4,790 4.497 2,997	

namend that official to made to secure a sidence at the meeting, to appoint dele-that he people shall be fairly represented ate tourestion; that gentlemen to not delegate unless it to covenin that they at; and that, so far as practicable, the extral Committee.

"Mr. President, I-arise-to-place-in-nomiation-a-man" will soon be heard in the Market Square Tabernacle.

Summer has come. Don't keep the little folks too carefully enclosed, fearing they may take cold, or the sunshine spoil their complexion-turn the rascals out.

The New Orleans Exposition died a peaceful death last Saturday. Its mission has been successful in teaching several good men nuch that they did not know about running an Exposition.

Decoration Day seems to have been nore generally observed this year than for many years past. It argues well for a people who keep as national holidays, Thanksgiving Day and Decoration Day.

Miss Clevelands' essays contain the aphoristic saying that "manners are not character, but they are the dress of character." If this be true the wardrobe of some "characters" is shockingly scant.

One of the novelties of the Hocking Valley coal war is the acceptance by the miners of 40 cents per ton. They struck for 70 cents, and, during the long war that the GLORE-REPUBLIC's special representative, to whom all Eastern advertising business, must be refused.

> The Chicago Tribune says that the De partment of Agriculture has been buying tomato seed from canning factories, after the seed had been boiled. It is thought that idea of raising canned tomatoes in that way will not succeed.

Clement Russell, of Massillon, is anounced as a candidate for member of Board of Public Works, at the coming State Convention. Mr. Russell is well and favorably known and highly recommended for the position by prominent business men of this city.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has prepared a table showing that Democrats have been deprived of 9,272 fat positions in Washington by the civil service law, and that 866 of that number belong to Indiana. What has become of Mr. Hendricks, the latter day apostle of spoils?

It is published as the opinion of Dr. Sands, one of Gen. Grant's physicians, that the general will die early in September, while Dr. Shrady believes he will not die before December 1. They represent the disease as progressing slowly but surely, and that it must soon result in death.

General Grosvenor is reported as saying that the people of Ohio are going to get some revenue out of the liquor business, or they are going to abolish it. The liquor business has been skulking between these two extremes for some time like an open-eyed rabbit on a rich pasture lot, and is fattening on it.

It is observed that there are a number of Republican candidates in Ohio, and the zeal with which they are being pushed by their friends shows how confident the party is of success in October. It is said also that in contrast with this hopeful activity the Democrats seem limp, lifeless more than an attack of malaria

Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes has bought and fitted up a house in Savannah where negr giris will be instructed in the duties of house-keeping. We suppose this accounts for the new deluge of abuse which southern organs have be pouring out upon ex-President Hayes. —Troy Times.

Such acts as the above promise to continue to give Mr. Hayes' virulent enemies abundant opportunity for abuse, but the ex-President don't seem to be deterred.

Jeff Davis' opinion on public questions has ceased to have any special value save as something in the novelty line. For the leader of the attempt to disrupt the Union to come out of his sulking silence to lament, in public address, the decay of "love, veneration and respect for the constitution," suggests the fact that probably it is because the sour-apple tree has too often been cheated of its due.

There seems to be something of a hitch in the negotiations between Great Britain and Russia on the Afghan question, the final agreement heretofore reported as announced having been contradicted by Earl Granville. Meanwhile Russia is pushing the railway from the Caspian Sea to Herat and will be ready for the next squabble while England is relaxing, and has stopped naval and military preparations.

The fines assessed against the old soldiers who fired the salutes at Washington over the election of John A. Logan have been remitted. The Commercial Gazette makes the above announcement in order to stop the dime contributions for the purpose of paying the fines. The Commercial says:

"One of the objects of the fond is to over-come the prejudice entertained in official cir-cles in Washington city sgainst the sound of Republican salutes."

It is not at all improbable that the Republicans of the country will find it quite proper, if not necessary, to rally around President Cleveland and protect him from his "friends." It he does his duty squarely, as he seems inclined to do, in many respects, there will certainly be a rupture between the administration and the hungry hordes of Bourbous whose only idea of Damocracy is to get into power and distribute the spoils among the workers. These people have already had several set backs, and they are getting wrathy as well Silent Lives,

Is he the only hero—he whose deeds Are writ on this world's records? Whose Is haloed with the spiendid light of Fame?

Methinks that if one heart in silence bleeds

For grief o'er feall humanity's dire needs—

Teics carnesily to purify from shame
One faillen roul, to right one wrong, one
blame,
To bring the flowers of good from out the

weeds

weeds
Of one poor, downcast life—to him the
or own
Of higher honor than the conqueror's bays
Shall be awarded. His the mobier place,
The loftier rank, the holler renown—
For, step by step, als unmasked, simple ways
Shall lead aim upward till he see God's face.

What Recompense? He might have sung a song the world should car, clarion notes had rung so loud and Whose

Whose clarion notes had clear, and then had listened and been made. The better of the fray.
The moil and care of every day:
Stronger to bear the heavy burdens laid. By life on tellers in the onward way;
But fate said nay!

She might have had the right to say "My own,"
The joy of being loved she might have known,
Had wrapped around her as a shield
From every stinging, poisoned dart
Of envy, hatired, or malicious art
The mantle of a love that would not yield
To any foe, but die to save her heart!
By fate say nay!

She wept her vanished hopes, yet sweeter tred
The path of self-denial that leads up to God.
He did his work in the small sphere
That God had given him, and labored well;
The future world alone can tell
What recompense should come to those who Bow meekly and work on, nor curse the knell That sounds fate's nay!

DISENCHANTED.

The St. Ledger mansion was very broad, very solid, very square, very respectable, and very old-fashioned; the St. Ledgers were also one and all of these things themselves.

They kept their original and hereditary traits and characteristics almost unadulterated; and one of these was a great fondness for old associations and old localities. They had always lived in town. The

square upon which their windows opened had once been very aristocratic, and even now retained an appearance of exclusive gentility which suited the chastened taste of the St. Ledgers. It was also pervaded with an atmos-

phere of great quiet at all times, which pleased all the St. Leger ladies, with the exception of one. This was Florence St. Ledger, only daughter and sole heiress of old Abraham St. Led-All the staidness, the stolidity, the

impenetrableness of the St. Ledgers had run to grass and weeds in the per-son of this last offspring of their race. It was as though the repressed im-pulses and checked ebullitions of whole generations of ancestry had finally broken loose in this slight, high-strung, enthusiastic, restless girl of twenty, whose wide eager eyes looked out from her slim, pretty face with a hungry de-sire to know and enjoy more of the great untasted world which opened at er very doors, but from which it had always been the custom of the St. Ledgers to exclude their daughters as completely, to all practical intents and purposes, as though they dwelt behind

convent-bars. It had never occurred to them that such a system of repression could ever lead to dangerous results. Florence would be like all the other women who had borne the name of St.

Ledger, of course. She would marry some steady fellow, approved of by her relations, when the proper time came, and be disposed of for life as comfortably as every St. Ledger should be.
The Misses St. Ledger, elderly ladies, aunts of Florence and persons of con-siderable authority in the household,

had decided that the proper time had about come now.

Most of the St. Ledger girls had married at twenty. They were the two solitary maidens of mature years to be found in the family annals. But they had both been engaged in their youth, and they had lost their flances in the and listless. It is hoped that this latter is | war. There was a romantic consola-

The Misses St. Ledger had then added their approval to that of their brother Abraham when Mrs. St. Ledger had suggested that Mr. Percy Stockton would be a very proper husband for

Florence. He had a very fair pedigree-there were better, but then everyone could not be a St. Ledger; he was a lawyer, rising apace in his profession, and he had some private means outside of the

latter. Moreover, his life and habits were Moreover, his life and habits were irreproachable—a thing not always, alas! to be found in the young men of the day, said the Misses St. Ledger, with a sigh apiece; and his extremely sensible way of looking at life—quite extraordinarily sensible, indeed, he was for a man still so young—would have the beneficial effect of acting as a check, and belancembed. check and balance-wheel for those flighty tendencies in dear Florence's character which all their love could

not quite disguise from them. Miss Florence St. Ledger was perfectly aware of these plans in her be-half, and she did not second them at

Not that she objected to Mr. Stockton. He was really very nice in his way. But his way had not the good fortune to please her. He was so cold, so matter-of-fact, so—so—unromantic,

so different from-In short, Miss Florence St. Ledger had other intentions for herself.

Whatever these intentions were, they seemed to have weighed considerably on her mind of late. She was very distrait at times, and at others in a state of feverish exaitation, or of nervous tension, which, although it quite failed to be noticed by her placid rela-tives, did not escape Mr. Percy Stockton's quietly penetrating eyes, and, in-deed, had set him wondering and piec-ing possibilities and probabilities to-gether in his usual active way more than once.

Lately Florence had been more restless than ever. Sie had searcely remained in one place live minutes, and no one less amiably dense and obtuse than a St. Ledger could have left unobserved her unusual pallor and her generally altered demeanor.

But nothing of this was remarked, and when her mother, meeting her as she was going out of the house at about nine o'clock one winter's morning, re-ceived in reply to her query as to whithceived in reply to her query as to whith-er she was bound the answer that she wished to make a school-friend a short visit, the good old lady was quite un-conscious of the fact that Fiorence stammered a little as she spoke, and

changed color.

Once safely out in the street, the girl walked rapidly northward. She looked about her furtively at times as though somewhat in fear of meeting anyone she knew. Finally, she turned anyone she knew. anyone she know. Finally, she turned into a side-street, as a neighboring clock struck the half hour, and the blood flew in tell-tale fashion to her cheeks as she saw coming towards had tall, fair-haired man, undesirably and indeed conspicuously handsome, and with something foreign in his looks.

The next moment be had met and joined her; and as he spoke, bending a little towards her, the foreign element located itself. His half-whispered words of tender greeting had a strong

lerman accent. "My darling, we must make haste, or we shall be late," he said when they had walked a little distance side by side. The truth was that Florence's pace had abated somewhat since shand met her clandestine lover.

She was beginning faintly to realize, perhaps for the first time, the full exent of what she was about to do, and her heart beat with a sudden tumultuousness which was more allied to fea

than rapture.
"My love," the enamored German murmured once or twice, 'so soonin one little half-hour more-"Ob, hush, Curt, hush! If anyone should hear!" Florence glanced appre-hensive y up the street and then half-

way over her shoulder.
There was no one in sight. Nevertheless her lover's ebullitions were not quite pleasant to her. Florence was feeling very strangely all at once, and was distinctly nerv

Now, it so happened that Percy Stockton had come to town earlier than usual on this particular day, to pay his respects to a lady, an old friend of his

The house was four or five doors removed from a small quiet church, and as Percy passed the latter he noticed casually that its side door was open. A man and woman were vanishing within the same. There was some-thing about the lady's figure and dress

and the poise of the head, that struck Mr. Stockton as curlously familiar. He glanced back over his shoulder, and caught a fleeting but convincing glimpse of Florence St. Ledger's side face. At the same time he took in the personality of the man.

If his lightning-like recognition of

the latter had shaped itself into words, they would have been somewhat of "That cursed piano-playing fop, by

"That curses plants playing serial that's good?"

Mr. Percy Stockton hesitated one moment, and only one. He was a man whose mind had long since been train-

the open church on this unusual day—those two going into it together—Florence's suspicious and strange conduct of late—one or two incidents connected with this German music-teacher of hers which now shaped themselves in Percy's brain into evidence of more than common interest in him displayed by her-all these thoughts and facts, though not consciously appreciated singly and individually, in that one moment fused themselves into

one swift strong conviction.

He retraced his steps and softly entered the church.

The light in the interior was dim. Percy slipped into a back seat, be-hind a pillar, and under the shadow of the organ-loft, and waited.

He could not believe even yet that a marriage was about to take place.

But his doubts quickly vanished. A man and woman-witnesses evidently-emerged from the dim recesses and the prospective bridegroom who had bustled to the vestrydoor, held some confabulation there

and bustled back. Florence, meanwhile, had sunk into a seat near the chancel. There was more light where she sat, a broad subdued bar coming in through a high stained-glass window, and Percy could see that her face had lost all its fresh color and wore a very strange express ion; not by any means a look of ex-pectant happiness, but rather of start-led dismay, of shrinking and fear.

The clergyman came out of the vestry in his robes. The tall, fair Ger-man approached the bride and held out The witnesses stood But the bride did not stand up; and in stead of taking the groom's hand, she shrank away with a sudden recoil. Stockton saw the man bend down as

though with words of entreaty and en-couragement. The girl only drew her self farther back into the pew. Then the groom laid his hand forcibly on her arm and attempted to raise

Florence St. Ledger's nerves gave way.

With one sharp, low cry she pulled herself free; and running by the groom and the witnesses, rushed, like one possessed, down the aisle.

Stockton, at her cry and swift action, had risen mechanically to his feet. He had known from the first that he would prevent this rash and insane step be fore it could be consummated.

But when he realized that the girl had turned from it in a revulsion of feeling berself, it was his next impulse to throw himself into the shade again before she could detect him.

But his action was not rapid enough. As she reached the door she saw his His presence there, the fact rushing

over her that he had been a winess of what she had contemplated doing, were too much for the poor girl. She staggered and leaned against the wall. Stockton was at her side in an instant. The German as soon as he. The clergyman and witnesses had not

yet stirred from their places. Aston ishment had petrified them.

ishment had petrified them.

"Allow me to see you home, Miss St. Ledger," said Stockton, drawing her arm within his and speaking with calm authority.

"Sir!" said the German, "you speak to my promised bride. I do not understand this conduct. Florence, come! What is this childish folly, pray?" He stretched his hands towards her.

stretched his hands towards her. "Oh, don't—don't let him make me marry him!" cried the girl incoherently, elinging to Stockton. "I can't— no, no! please take me home; oh, I have made such a mistake!"

The German was growing very white. "Am I to understand that you have

"Am I to understand that you have made me a dupe—" he began with a trembling voice.

"It is all a mistake and a misunderstanding," interposed Stockton; "a very regretable one, certainly. Miss St. Ledger wishes to be made free of the angagement she satered intothe ongagement she entered into-rashly, but, I am certain, without any thought that she would not be able to keep it. As a gentleman, you will of course release her now, since she wish is it."

"With what right do you take it up-on yourself to interpose between Miss St. Ledger and myself, sir?" asked the disappointed bridegroom, scarcely able to command his voice to the point of

to command his voice to the point of speaking distinctly.

"With the right of a friend of Miss St. Ledger's family," and before the other could stop him he had led Florence into the street.

The girl, however, was all but unable to keep on her feet.

"I shall take you into my friend, Mrs. Batting's," said Stockton quickly. "I will see that a glass of wine is given you. In a few moments you will have recovered yourself sufficiently to go home. I will tell Mrs. Batting that I met you near here and that you felt

Docilely Piorence suffered herself to be led up the steps.

De led up the steps.

There was no more resistance left in her. She was as in a dream or trance.

The wine having revived her, her first impulse was to get home as fast as her feet would carry her.

At the bottom of the stairs in the

hall, Stockton was waiting.
Without asking any questions he left
the house with her, and drew her arm

through his.

They walked some distance in si-lence. Florence's semi-comatose condition, succeeding the excitement and the revulsion of feeling that had put an end to her mad escapade, had given place to an unbearable sensation of shame and embarrassment.

After glancing once, desperately, at her companion's impassive face she could not endure the torment of silence longer.
"What must you think of me!" she

moaned, but humbly, like a stricken Percy Stockton looked down at the pretty crimsoning face with a half-smile that suddenly softened all his

features. "Nothing at all dreadful," he said. "I understand the whole thing. Herr Heinrich is a handsome, charming man, whose fine music worked upon your sensibilities, while, as you thought, the player had won your heart. Such occurrences are not unusual with very young, enthusiastic, and impressionable girls. He persuaded you to marry him." ("He thought, with your money, he would have a good thing of it," Stockton added to himself), "and you consented; but at the last moment you realized what it was to take such a step without the consent of your parents and friends, also, no doubt, that charming as Herr Heinrich is as a man, his national characteristics, his way of life, and all that, was too diametrically opposite to yours for happiness to be possible. Perhaps, too, you discover-ed that you did not love him at all. That, too, has been known to happen

and that is all." Florence looked up quickly with

brimming eyes. "How good you are to me!" she whispered tremulously. Percy Stockton was a man who un-

derstood women very well.
"Of course I am," he said calmly. "I expect to marry you some day my-

The proprietary tone did not alarm her pride. He knew that it would not just then. On the contrary it was soothing. It made her feel as though she had a sure shelter. And she wa so sore at her own just-committed folly that this was very grateful.
"Meanwhile, we have a little secret

between us," he continued in the same tone. "I hope you will allow me to share it with you without telling your parents or anyone else?" She only looked at him in reply.

But as he suddenly lifted her hand and kissed it, the look must have promised a great deal. LAND OF THE DOG PONY. A Winter Ride on a Dog Train in British

"Dogs in the Territories of the Northwest have but one function-to haul. Pointer, setter, lurcher, foxhound, greyhound, Indian, Mongrel, miserable cur or the beautiful Esqui-mau, all alike are destined to howl under the driver's lash, to tug wildly at the mose-skin collar, to drag until they can drag no more, and then to die. The dogs are put one after an-other in tandem fashion. A complete train numbers four, but three, or some-times even two, are used. The train of dogs is harnessed to the cariole or sled, by means of two long traces, between which the dogs stand one after another, the head of one dog being about a foot behind the tail of the dog in front of him. They are attached to the traces by a long collar, which slips on over the head and ears, and then lies close on the swell on the neck; this collar buckles on each side of the traces, which are kept from touching the ground by a backband of leather, buttoned under the dog's ribs. The backband and collar is generally cov-ered with little brass bells and gaylycolored ribbons. Great pride is taken by the half-breed drivers in turning out

a train of dogs in good style.

"The fact is patent that in hauling, the dog is put to a work from which his whole nature revolts, with the single exception of the Esquimau, and to haul with him is as natural as that of a day is a long tissue of trail, for from the first streak of dawn to the close of day he is harnessed and at hard labor, with but one meal a day of two pounds of penmican or a frozen white fish or two, as the intense cold increases and the dogs tire out. The ice cuts their feet, and the white surface is often speckled with the crimson icicles that fall from their wounded toes. The fall from their wounded toes. The half-breed drivers, too, are brutal fellows, and belabor their teams without mercy at times. This inhuman thrashing, the frantic howling of the dogs, the bitter and terrible cold, making up

the mode of Winter travel. "From the first covering of snow the whole surface of the plain is one vast sheet of white, so bright and glistening as to render men blind, and sometimes crazy, by the continual glare. Not a sound is heard over this immense waste, save now and then at night the sharp bark of the coyote-wolf-not a speck or even a bird dots the blue vault of heaven, nothing but solemn stillness and immense cold, culmina-ting about midwinter at from 40 to 44 degrees below zero, or over 70 degrees of frost. The cold becomes piercing and a bitter wind sweeps across its sur-face. In midwinter the snow falls face. In midwinter the snow falls every day, with a high westerly wind, veering toward the north, and thick poidra, dry ice, specula hard as gravel, and blizzards jump up all of a sudden in seemingly pleasant weather—commencing with a gale and increasing to a hurricane, the wind blowing at the rate of from forty to lifty miles an hour, while the thermometer registers from 35 to 40 degrees below zero, with the clouds of snow-dust, hard as bullets, the effect can well be imagined. Men the effect can well be imagined. Men are silent; their lips are blue and re-fuse to utter the words they feel. Where the skin is exposed it becomes frost-bitten, and afterward rots away; eyes and nostrils are glued together, and icicles hang from the eye-lids. To touch a knife with the hand would burn like a coal of fire. The hot tea freezes while it is being drank, breath freezes while it is being drank, oreain freezes instantaneously into solid lumps of ice, and 40 degrees below zero means death, in a period whose duration would expire in the Lours of a Winter's daylight, if there was no fire or means of kindling one on the trail."—From Butter's Recent Book on Manitoba.

In Japan there are seventy-eight normal schools and 29,254 grammar, intermediate and high schools, with an attendance of 3,017,088 pupils. Many a nation that calls itself more civilized cannot make as good a showing as this.

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CLUSTER PATTERN, 5-16x3-4 inch.

Also 3 Inch, 4 Inch, and 6 Inch dressed strips, very nice, already out and jus what you want to make FLY SCREENS OF.

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enriches and purifies the blood, simulates the appetite, and strengthens the muscles and nerves. If does not injurn the teeth, cause headache, or FATHER, T. I willow-oil other from medicines do. FATHER, T. I willow-oil other from medicines do. FATHER, T. I willow-oil other from medicines do. FATHER, T. I willow oil other from medicines do. FATHER, T. I willow oil other from medicines do. FATHER, T. I willow oil of the from the following the follo Father, Mother, and Three Sisters Dead. Mr. David Claypool, formerly Sergeant-at-Armsofthe New Jersey Senate, and now Notary Public at Cedarville, Cumberland

Notary Public at Cedarville, Cumberland Co., N. J., makes the following startling statement: "My father, mother, and three sisters all died with consumption, and my lungs were so weak I raised blood. Nobody thought I could live. My work (shipsmithing) was very straining on me with my weak constitution, and I was rapidly going to the grave. While in this condition I commenced using Mishler's Herb Bitters, and it saved my life. Because it was so difficult to get it in this little place, and I had improved so much, I stopped taking it for a time, and the result is that I have commenced going rapidly down hill again. Somehow, Mishler's Herb Bitters gives appetite and strengthens and builds me up appetite and strengthens and builds me up as nothing else does, and I must have a dozen buttles at once. Use this commu-nication as you please, and if any one wants to be convinced of its truth, let them write me and I will make affidavit to it, for I owe my life to Mishler's Herb Bitters." Thesecret of the almost invariable relief and cure of consumption, dysentery, diar-rhoa, dyspepsia, indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, when Mishler's Herb Bitters is used, is that it contains simple,

that act on the blood, kidneys, and liver, and through them strengthens and invigorates the whole system. Purely vegetable in its composition; prepared by a regular physician; a standard medicinal preparation; endorsed by physicians and druggists. These are four strong points in favor of Mishler's Herb Bitters. Mishler's Herb Bitters. Mishler's Herb Bitters is sold by all druggists. Price \$1.00 per large bottle. 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Ask your druggist for Mishler's Herb BITTERS of the does not keep it, do not take anything close, but send a postal card to Mishlers Herb BITTERS CO., 166 Commerce Street, Philadelphia.

harmless, and yet powerful ingredients, that act on the blood, kidneys, and liver,

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TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull senantion in the head, with a dull senantion in the head, with a dull senantion in the head part. Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fallness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Flattering at the Heart. Bots before the eyes, Headachs ever the right eye, Reatlessness, with attni dramm, Highly colored Urins, and CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S FILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is mourished, and by their Tomic Action on the Bigsstive Organs, Hegular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Sturray Mt. N. T.

TUTT'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA Renovates the body, makes healthy flesh, strengthens the weak, repairs the wastes of the system with pure blood and hard muscle; tones the nervous system, invigorates the brain, and imparts the vigor of manhood. 31. Bold by druggists.

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Men's Working Shoes S0c to \$1; Men's Bais. Congress and Button \$1.25 to \$2; Men's Calf Boots \$1.25 to \$3.50; a job lot Men's GENUINE HAND SEWED Bals. Button and Congress, TO CLOSE, at \$4, as good as any \$6 shoe in the city. Ladies' Fine Kid Button, worked button holes, \$1.25; Ladies' Pebbled Polish, solid, 90 c nts; Boys', Youths', and Misses' School Shoes S5c to \$1.25; Gent's Rubbers 50c; Ladies' Light Spring Overshoes 20c.

W. A. HANCE,

40 South Market St.

55 To "avoid confusion and mi-leading the public, we will say that HANCE & CO. continue the shoe besiess at the old stand, 14 WEST MAIN ST., where you will always find a Large Stock, Low Prices and Fair Destion.

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YOU WILL FIND LOBE**n**herz Baker'

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Special attention alver to the ameering

AMERICA AHEAD ONCE MORE.

NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S EXPOSITION he Willimantic Thread Company awarded three medals of the first class at the New Orl ans World's Exposition, for best quality of Six Cord Spool Cottom, for best quality and most compre-hensive display of manufacturing Six Cord Speel Cotton, and for best display of manufactured Speel Cotton in black,

white, and colors. At the New Orleans World's Expession, the Williamstle Thread Co. of Hartford, Conn., a distinctively American Institution, again carried off all the honors, and the only medals awarded for spool cotton. The completeness of this latest Williamstle victory can be better appreciated by reading the following copy of the reports of the judges:

"BEST QUALITY of SIX CORD SP OL COTTON in all purpless for WEWING MACHINE and handwork."

Awan: - Medul of the first class.

*Best quality and most comprehensive display of manufacturing size ord speel cotton, from the bale of cotton to the finished thread on speel.

*Awan: - Medul of the first class.

"Best display of manufactured speed cotton ready for use, "in black, white, and colors."

- wasn to Medal of the first class. To emphasize this report of the jurors, the Committee on Awards have made a SPECIAL report of which the following

a a copy:
"In confirming this report, the Committee on A wards take "To comming this report, the Committee on Awards take occasion to express their appreciation of the superior and "complete exhibit made by the Willinantic Thread Company, as well of the SUPERIORITY OF THEIR PRODUCT, as resulting from practical operations at the "Exposition, and hereby grant the highest awards permissable under the rules." Signed, GUS, A. BREAUX. Chairman of Committee on Awards.